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My Human Relatives

 OC

My name is Forgash, but humans call me "Tim" due to my friendly appearance...which is weird as when I explore the human internet I look like a demon...horns, red skin, fiery home world...yep, I'm a demon to humans but they don't seem to care.

I write this short blog story to tell you of my encounter with...relatives from another species. Now I do not mean I married a human, but me and my wife seem to have been indirectly adopted by an old human couple in my city.

Their names were Marianne and Walter. They were a lovely old couple that ran a small bookstore. Marianne was usually at the counter all day, even the most rowdy of aliens agreed to not ruin the atmosphere as she served drinks catered to every species. Turns out she was a former doctor and after retiring she decided to study drinks. Walter, her mate was a charming old man. He was wise, though far younger than me, he showed his years and wisdom with pride. He also helped fix the store when it needed repairs or added something new. He was a traveler.

I don't know how but I was their neighbor, I worked in accounting and my wife would always prepare me a lovely lunch, a meal that humans introduced to the galaxy that is eaten in the middle of the cycle. Turns out adding lunch increased work productivity galaxy wide by 60%. Anyway whenever I passed by their store in the morning Marianne she would give me a flask of my favorite Lorask Tea, I thanked her and always offered to pay for it, she refused saying "you work so hard for your family, so drink up and stay strong for them, ok sonny?" she would smile and inspire me greatly that day.

At lunchtime I would open my lunch and eat it happily, especially with tea, who knew humans could make such a wonderful drink, I would try coffee but its...well poisonous to 90% of the galaxy. I would drink about half my flask at lunch and finish the rest as the afternoon went. At the end of the day I would pass by the store again and return the flask and give my thanks to Marianne.

I remember how once a Terran month, Walter would invite me and my wife to a barbeque party in their backyard. I must say it was very lovely and lively, simply chatting and eating with the two made me and my wife very happy.

Marianne however one day was missing from her counter, and Walter looked worried, I asked him where she was, He told me she was at the hospital and was planning to visit her later. I decided to join him and after work I went to the hospital.

Marianne was on a bed, it was soft, had pillows, a nurse droid on standby should anything major occur. she had tubes attached to her arm and her nose. Walter held her hand as she woke up "Oh hello dear, and I see Tim is with you, what can an old lady do for you?" she said. I knew she was in discomfort, I knew she strained to say those words, and yet she was focused on me.

"You should probably focus more on yourself" I said. She chuckled weakly "Oh don't worry about me, I'll be fine in a few days rest, then I can prepare more tea when you go to work" she said with a warm smile on her face. Walter placed her hand on his cheek and began to sniffled "you always have a way to worry me, don't you?" he said with a smile as tears began to stream down his face "I'm not leaving till you get better"

I read the room and decided to leave, A few days later Marianne passed, Walter told me she passed with a smile on her face and no regrets in her life. I was invited to her funeral and I found a lot of the local patrons and regulars see her coffin. Walter was the first to touch it and the last before it was lowered as per human custom.

After that the store was closed. Walter could not keep it open, not without Marianne. Every morning my wife made my lunch as usual, I walked out with a smile on my face and then I passed by the store. And then it hit me, Marianne was no longer there, no more tea with my lunch, but I didn't care about the tea, I cared more about that smile that inspired me to work hard. As I was walking away Walter came out with a flask "Hey Tim, you forgot your tea, I know I am not a good brewer, nothing compared to my wife, but, I knew she would be mad if I didn't try" as he handed it to me.

It was lunch time and I opened the flask, It tasted...different, not disgusting or wrong or perfect, just, different. I did my usual work and went back to the store and saw Walter sitting outside waiting for me. "How was it?" he asked, a forced smile on his face. "It was good, I'm sure Marianne would have loved it" as I handed it back to him with a smile. I did not need to look behind me to see Walter cry as he entered his shop.

After a long while Walter too was hospitalized, he sold the store to make money to pay for his medication. I visited regularly and my wife too was worried for Walter. I once stayed overnight, I was reading a book from the store that I bough from the auction as Walter woke up "Tim, Forgash, come here, let this old man tell you something" he said with a weak voice. I rushed to his side and lent my ear.

"Forgash, Me and Marianne are the luckiest people to have you for a neighbor, you know that?" he said with tears in his eyes "Marianne and I viewed you like the son we never really had, we enjoyed watching you work and visit our shop, we loved hearing your stories of when you had to go offworld to get better, and especially when you got that promotion you worked so hard for, I felt proud of you, like a father when his son accomplishes something" he said, placing his weak and withered arms on my cheeks "I am glad to have met you in my last years of living, Marianne said the same about your wife, Please, for my sake, remember our good times together" he said as he fell asleep for the last time.

I arranged the funeral myself, again the other patrons and regulars came, only this time I was the first and last to touch his coffin, and laid him next to Marianne as per human custom.

I thought to myself "So this is how a human can impact your life, this is what humans are to each other, to me, to others like me" and I finally understood, I was family to them, not by blood, not by relation, but through, something else....I remember my human relatives, not a day goes by I don't look at that spot where their store stood, where my old house stood. My wife is now probably the best supporter anyone could ask for. Even with more money than I could use, she still makes me my lunch, and this time I make my own Lorask Tea. and in my 5 star office, surrounded by trophies and plaques of achievements, my greatest trophy is a small album, in it are me and my family. Me, my wife, Marianne and Walter too. I hope to show my kids someday, and teach them of my human family.